

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

JOHN B. WILLIAMS & ROBERT H. MILLER,

"Willing to Praise but not Afraid to Blame."

PROPRIETORS.

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WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

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JOB PRINTING.—All orders for Job Work, or advertising must be accompanied by the cash, or responsible reference.

Letters addressed to the Editors must be POST-PAID to receive attention.

The Shakespeare Goblet, made in 1756, by a clockmaker from the mulberry tree planted by Shakespeare when a boy, was recently sold at public auction, at London, for 121 guineas, to a Mr. Isaacs, a dealer in curiosities. This cup was given to Garrick by the mayor of Stratford when this great artist celebrated, at Stratford, in 1764, the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare.

Point of Death.—Mrs. Webster, the aged widow of the late Dr. Noah Webster, lays at the point of death at New Haven, having had a severe attack of paralysis.

The Era says—a Law was passed to distribute the proceeds of the sales of the 500,000 acres of public land equally among all the counties of this State, giving to the counties having the smallest population as much as to the counties having the largest. The amount received up to 1st of April last has been distributed, and amounts to \$181,95 to each county.

The Jefferson Inquirer says that Daniel M. Leet, Esq., has been appointed—it is rumored—Judge of the 14th Judicial Circuit, in the place of Charles H. Allen, whose resignation takes effect in a short time.

An attempt was made to fire the Greenwich Theatre, New York, on Saturday night, after the usual performances were over. It appeared that some incendiary had secreted himself in the building, and had placed fire under one of the private boxes. Fortunately the smoke issuing from the building gave the alarm, and the flames were extinguished without much damage.

A delegation of twenty Indians of the Winnebago tribe are on their way to Washington, for the purpose of making a treaty for the sale of their lands to the United States. The lands in question form the most desirable part of Iowa.

If there be any sense in having a sign there is certainly much more in advertising in newspapers. A sign consists in nothing but some half dozen or so letters on a pine plank, which never moves from year to year, whilst an advertisement consists in descriptions, somewhat in detail, of a man's stock, and the prices, and moves upon the wings of the wind, to the door of every purchaser.

Always advertise; for the prevailing idea now is that if a man does not advertise he has nothing worth buying, for surely that which is not worth advertising is not worth having.—*Mo. Statesman.*

The State Fair at Auburn.—The State Fair at Auburn, N. York, closed on the 17th. The preparations for it have been unusually large and extended, and the exhibition has, no doubt, exceeded that of any former year. Amongst the distinguished gentlemen who attended it were Ex-President Van Buren, E. P. Blair, Esq., Senator Breckman, and many others, amongst them some of the ablest editors in the State.

Richard Coulter, of Westmoreland county, Pa., has received, from the Governor, the appointment of Judge of the Supreme Court of that State, in place of Judge Kennedy dec'd.

Why are young ladies like thieves? "Do you give it up! Because they look each others dresses."

From the New Orleans Delta.
HAPPINESS.

"If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From ourselves our joys must flow,
And that dear but our home."

HAPPINESS! What is it? where is it to be found? In the mind of the political aspirant? in the unstable position of the office-holder? Not in any one or either of these, we trow. Happiness is not always an adjunct of wealth, an accompaniment of ambition nor an inheritor of place. Oh, if the scientific spirit of the age were to add to its already well-filled schedule one more "wonderful invention"—a camera obscura, for instance, by which the workings of men's minds could be scanned, the promptings of their actions studied. Then, indeed, might we see the insincerity of the laugh, the affectation of the smile, and the void and empty hollowness of the protestation of friendship. We might further see that deceitful adulation, that sycophancy accompanies station and rank—and that, as the heat of summer attracts insects, so does wealth attract to it followers. Then again we say, apostrophising happiness, what art thou? where art thou to be found?

Let the reader for a few moments travel along with us, and see if he can learn.—Yonder he sees that stately dwelling. It is night; music's seductive sound comes from within, and

"The lamps shine o'er fair women and brave men." How fashionable, how extravagantly rich are the dresses of the ladies! how dashing, how gaily proper is the conduct of the gentlemen! How happy seem all! how unrestricted is the joy that pervades the assembly! The twirl around the waltzers; here sit the card party; and yonder the bon vivants crack their champagne. What felicity says the superficial looker on—what unalloyed mirth, says the casual observer. Little, alas! does the one or the other know of the secret passions that sway that assembly—of the aversion by which the gentleman with the iron-grey hair is actuated, who is playing "brag" of the jealousy with which that lady of a certain age is fired, whose young husband is galloping with the Miss with the golden locks—or the enmity which exist between her with the braided hair and her with the wreath of roses, arising solely out of the superior charms with which each invests herself.

Ah, woefully will he be disappointed who seeks for happiness in that apparently gay and evidently animated assemblage.—Let him, though, cast his eye to the opposite side of the street. 'Thro' that dark and murky window a candle is seen dimly burning. The room is small, the furniture is "sparse," a few articles of use are to be seen, but nothing of ornament. The occupants are a mechanic, his wife and only child. They are at their frugal supper—the mechanic and his wife; the child gambols on the floor. Scanty are their means, yet they are all sufficient to supply their limited desires; for

"If few their wants, their wishes are but few." Discord has never passed their threshold—upbraids are never heard beneath their roof, and warmed by each other's mutual kindness and smiles that little tenement is to them a domestic paradise. Between them, and in that child, their affections are centered and they neither mind with the frivolous, the fashionable or the gay to divide or to distract their affections. Does not, then, all things go to prove it—

"To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

DRESS OF THE MEXICANS.

Adjutant General Forsyth, writing from the army to a paper in Georgia, gives the following description of the dress of the Mexicans. We saw some thirty men, with their high-crowned and broad-brimmed hats, principally bedizened with gold cords—their pants of sailor cut tight at the waist, and buttoned from the hips to the knee, and thence to the foot flying open in large folds to keep the legs cool; some with shirts, some without covering from the waist up, and others with their shirts curiously tied on their backs, by the sleeves over the shoulder. All the children up to ten years were naked. The women's attire has often been described. I immediately remembered Kendall's and Stephens' description of its exceeding scantiness and adaptation to a hot climate. Gowns are not known. A chemise with short sleeves and a short petticoat, with the ribbons for the head and sometimes folded over the bosom, is the entire outfit.—It starts one frequently to hear the noble Castilian rolling from lips whence appearances would teach you to expect nothing but the harsh gutturals of our aborigines. Many of them are darker than our Indians, and the African blood is plainly marked.

LEGAL WEIGHTS.—The following table of the number of pounds allowed to the bushel of different grains, &c., may be a convenient reference to many.

Wheat	60 lbs.	Barley	43 lbs.
Beans	60 "	Castor Beans	56 "
Cloverseed	60 "	Oats	24 "
Potatoes	80 "	Bran	20 "
Rye	56 "	Grass Seed	14 "
Flaxseed	56 "	Dried Peaches	33 "
Onions	57 "	Dried Apples	22 "
Buckwheat	52 "	Stone Coal	70 "
Salt	50 "		

A young man who had wasted his patrimony by profligacy, whilst standing one day on the brow of a precipice, from which he had determined to throw himself, formed the sudden resolution to regain what he had lost. The purpose thus formed was firm; and though he began by shoveling a load of coal into a cellar, for which he only received twelve and a half cents, yet he proceeded from one step to another, till he more than recovered his lost possessions, and died worth three hundred thousand dollars.

LINES ON AN UNKNOWN LADY.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

There is a spell in woman's eye,
A charm in woman's smile
That can the deepest woes defy,
The saddest thoughts beguile—
And such a smile, and such a glance,
Fell flashing on my way,
From one, who in the street by chance,
I met the other day.

The morning light shone fresh and full
Upon the city's din,
And all without was beautiful—
But all was dark within.
I heeded not the sun that shone,
I thought but of my woe:
When, hark! a woman's gentle tone,
So musical and low.

I looked, and lo! before stood,
Like one divinely born,
A form, 'tis true of flesh and blood,
But beautiful as morn;
Her gentle eyes were blue and mild,
Her very look was joy,
And she was speaking to a child,
A little beggar boy.

I stood a moment, drinking deep
That silver sounding voice,
Like the sweet murmurs heard in sleep,
When dreaming souls rejoice,
And while her cheering words she said—
Between a smile and sigh—
The little outcast raised his head
And wiped his heavy eye.

She turn'd, and as she turn'd she cast
A passing glance on me—
Oh, lady fair! be such the last
That I shall ever see!
For, oh, at once the glad some day,
Of me became a part,
And warm and soft I felt a ray
Of sunshine in my heart.

I watch'd the boy with glad some bound
And merry laugh pass on,
And when again I turn'd me round,
The lady too was gone.
The star had vanish'd as it came—
A bright but fleeting fire—
But kindled in my heart a flame
That shall not soon expire.

I ne'er may meet, might scarcely know
That lovely form again,
But long my heart in weal or woe
Her image shall retain:
And ne'er shall I, howe'er beguill'd,
In beauty's path to stray,
Forget the moment when she smiled
On me, the other day.

MEXICO AND THE U. STATES.

The Union has republished all the news received by the *Princeton*, but without intimating in what respect, or how far, it is correct, touching the rejection of the propositions for negotiation and peace. In an article in answer to the New York Tribune, the following passage occurs:

Mexico is one of the most dilatory and uncertain powers in the world—that her policy is procrastination—that she deals in swelling pronouncements and evasive diplomacy—that her whole intercourse with ourselves proves such to be the general character of her negotiations—and that to ourselves, under the circumstances in which we are placed, delay would prove incalculable in expense, insufficient in its results, mischievous in every aspect. It would almost disband our army of volunteers; their twelve month's service might expire, before the protracted negotiation could come to an end. In view of these consequences, the President declared in his message to Congress, whilst he announced his tender of the negotiation, that he would consent to no armistice, and no cessation of arms, until the treaty of peace was made and ratified! Such is the true policy we are bound to pursue. And yet the New York Tribune is absurd enough to appeal to the pride of Mexico against any negotiation which does not involve the withdrawal of our advancing troops from her territories, and navy from her waters.

But the New York Tribune takes ground for Mexico, which, as far as we are advised, she does not take for herself. Whatever decision she has made, if any, has not yet transpired before the public.

This is said after Mr. Buchanan had returned to Washington, and after a Cabinet Council had been held, in which, it may be presumed, the despatches by the *Princeton* were the subject of deliberation.

What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue. Instead of devoting every leisure moment to the pursuits of sound knowledge, how many young men are there in all our cities and towns, and country too, who spend most of their time in frivolous conversation, nonsensical chit chat, vulgar, wide-mothed laughter which instead of making them wiser and better renders them consummate fools. If they have leisure to chat and giggle for hours each day, why don't they betake themselves to the nobler occupation of reading and thinking?—*Mo. Statesman.*

Artless Simplicity.—"Mamma," lisped a fashionable young lady the other day, "shall we have the same servants in heaven we have here? I should so like to have Polly to dress me in the mornings."

THE WHIG PARTY.

Never was there a time that seemed more propitious than now for the growth and triumph of Whig principles. The conduct and character of the Administration has attracted to it the exceeding unpopularity of the masses, and they are impatient to accomplish its overthrow. The vacillations of the President have impressed the popular mind with the conviction of his unsuitness for the responsible elevation he fills, and for the purpose of securing the relinquishment of the reins of authority from his hands, of destroying the present strong-hold of power of the Democracy, the energies of the great body of the people will be faithfully and unflinchingly directed. The prospect before us is not only cheering in consequence of the faithfulness to principle of the party in power, or the manifest unworthiness and unsuitness of those who control the administration of affairs, but not less so on account of the growth of the flattering estimate which is placed upon the principles which guide and govern the Whig party. The people have become heartily wearied, and sick of the heartless experiments on the national interests, and are anxious to secure some degree of permanency and stability in the legislation of the Government. That policy which more than all others the interests of the country require should be fixed, has been overthrown by the Democratic majority in Congress, and the miserable, experimental bantling of a wily-scheming politician substituted in its stead. If its operations should be continued until 1848, a bitter harvest will be reaped, and deep and lasting will be the indignant execrations of the people upon the Locofoco administration which planted the seeds of so much disorder, injustice and ruin. The days of locofocoism will be numbered in the land, and the dawning of Whig triumph will succeed. It cannot but happen that in the progress of the "experimental tariff" the agriculturalist will be disappointed in the expectation which has been created by the promises of high prices for his produce; and the consumer will be led to experience a result in conflict with the opinion assumed by the Democracy, that the duty occasions an enchantment of the price. If the position of this subject of locofocoism be true; if the duty is added to the price of the imported articles and its domestic rivals as is assumed by the Secretary of the Treasury and some of the Democratic presses of the Union, is it not just to presume that the price would be reduced in the same proportion that there is a reduction of duty? If the free trade doctrine be correct, the result will be as we have stated, and goods may be purchased at mere nominal prices. Does anyone believe that the result will be as the friends of the Administration represents that it will? The whole history of the country falsifies the prediction. But let it go on, let the experiment be tried until 1848, there will be such a revulsion in favor of the Whig policy as this country has never yet witnessed. The people will rise up, and as with one voice they will vindicate the justness and wisdom of the great system of protection, and place it upon a foundation firm and immovable as the pillars of the Federal Constitution.—*Columbus (Miss.) Whig.*

From the Saturday Courier.

THE SISTER.

There is scarcely anything as well calculated to cheer the lonely hours of solitude—comfort the heart amid the afflictions and trials of life—give peace and joy in the midst of disappointments, as the exercise and enjoyment of the affections.

Riches may supply us with every luxury the world affords—satisfy all our appetites and desires—and cloth and surround us in pomp and splendor. Honor and fame may sound our name in every hotel, and cause our praise to be on every tongue; yet, if the heart cannot lean on some loved object, or rely on the faithfulness of another, happiness would be a stranger, and peace would not dwell in the bosom.—The intellect may be of the highest order, and stored with all that worldly wisdom can teach; yet, cold and dreary would be the feelings of that one who had no one to call into exercise the warmer affections of our nature. Better would it be, to be assured of our true sincerity, sympathy and love, than be the richest, most honored, and learned of all men, yet be deprived of these enjoyments; and if there is any one from whom we have a right to expect such an exercise of the affections, it is a sister: alas! that we often look for them in vain.

Why are so many homes dreary, and so many fire-sides forsaken? Why so many taverns frequented and so many theatres visited? Why so many hopes blasted, and so many hearts withered, even in early life? We answer, because of the absence of love and affection from the Family Circle, and on account of the sister not exercising that influence which it is her duty to do; for she ought always strive to make her brother happy, and home attractive to him; and this can never be done while she is constantly herself seeking pleasure abroad, and while her thoughts and affections are fixed only on the mere fashions and follies of the day; and it is a rule which may always be depended on, that she who does not perform well the duties of sister, will be deficient also in the performance of those which devolve on a wife.

RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OF THE PRESIDENTS.—The following table showing the respective denominations for which the President of the United States have evinced a preference, we believe is correct. If it contains any error, we shall be thankful to be set right.

GEORGE WASHINGTON,	Virginia,	Episcopalian.
JOHN ADAMS,	Mass.	Unitarian.
THOS. JEFFERSON,	Virginia,	Philosopher.
JAMES MADISON,	Virginia,	Episcopalian.
JAMES MONROE,	Virginia	"
JOHN Q. ADAMS,	Mass.	Unitarian.
ANDREW JACKSON,	Tenn.	Presbyterian.
MARTIN VAN BUREN,	N. Y.	Con'gationalist.
WM. H. HARRISON,	Ohio	Episcopalian.
JOHN TYLER,	Virginia,	"
JAMES K. POLK,	Tenn.	Presbyterian.

A man in Maine who drank a decoction of pine leaves for a cold, has a large sapling now growing in his stomach. So says an Eastern contemporary.

THE EARLY LIFE OF JAMES K. POLK.

"Old Father Ritchie," of the Washington Union, is in the constant habit of eulogising Mr. Polk—even to the most "immaterial sayings and doings." This has drawn from the Louisville Journal the following interesting sketch of the "occupant of the White House," which should be handed down to the latest posterity.

MR. POLK'S COLLEGE LIFE.—The Government editor, referring to this very interesting period of Mr. Polk's life, says:

"It is said, and we believe upon reliable authority, that when at college he never failed to attend a single recitation, or to perform any other duty required of him."

As Mr. Ritchie's information, touching Mr. Polk's history while he was at college, is so very meagre, we will take occasion to refer him to some other incidents which occurred at that time, that strikingly illustrate the grandeur of the man, and which will, we have no doubt, greatly delight the Government editor. "It is said, and we believe upon reliable authority," that when Mr. Polk was at college, he was in the habit of retiring to bed when he felt sleepy, a virtue which he has ever since scrupulously maintained. Whenever he had a dreadful bad cold in the head he was occasionally seen to place his right hand in his coat pocket, and draw therefrom a handsome flag handkerchief, which he would deliberately convey to his nose, and then shutting both eyes, he would emit sounds which seemed like a remote imitation of a trumpet. He was never guilty of the sad impropriety of plunging his legs into his coat sleeves, nor of buttoning on his waistcoat bellies behind, but, on the contrary, he invariably dresses himself with becoming gravity, always putting on his stockings before he placed his feet in his boots, and pulling on his pantaloons before he put on his coat. He was addicted to eating when he grew hungry, and many a corn dodger, after being well buttered and duly masticated, descended to his stomach and performed good service towards nourishing the physical man and enabling him to undergo his studies without distress of body or mind. And when his beard became very stubby, he called for warm water, with which, aided by a brush and soap, he contrived to make a lather, and rubbing it on his chin, he took up his razor, and looking at the lathered reflection of himself in a mirror, he commenced the manly business of shaving himself to the great enchantment of his personal beauty. Not being afflicted with left-handedness, he held his book right side up whenever he wished to peruse the published thoughts of great men. At the time that the news of the war waged for "free trade and sailor's rights" reached the college, several of his fellow students, having more patriotism than devotion to literature, threw aside their books and marched off to the battle field, while Mr. Polk very judiciously put his books under his arm and marched off to his home—

Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful and successful war,
could not pain his ear, and there he accumulated much of that knowledge which has garnished the delightful essays and documents that have since emanated from his brilliant pen.

GRAVE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.—A writer in the Norfolk Beacon describes a visit to the grave of this remarkable man. Speaking of the former residence of Mr. Randolph, he says:

After a ride of two or three hours, we entered a forest of tall oaks, and were told by Mr. Cardwell that we were on Mr. Randolph's estate. Shortly, the houses that were occupied by the great and eccentric genius, appeared through the intervening trees; built up in the midst of the woods. Not a stump to be seen, not a bush grubbed up; all standing, as if the foot of man had never trodden there. Mr. Randolph would not suffer the primitive aspect of things to be disturbed in the least. Not a tree, or branch, or a switch, was allowed to be cut. During his absence in Europe, a limb of an oak, projecting towards a window of one of the houses, grew so near, that old Essex, fearing the window would be broken, cut the limb off. On Mr. Randolph's return he at once discovered the mutilation; old Essex was called up, and the reasons demanded for cutting off the limb. The old negro told his master he feared the window would be broken. Then said Mr. Randolph, why did you not move the house?

The writer here met John, the former body servant of Mr. Randolph, who treated him and his companion with great politeness; conducting them to the winter and summer houses, and other objects of interest in the vicinity. We copy the description of his last resting place:

At my request, John directed us to his master's grave, at the foot of a lofty pine, just a few steps in the rear of the summer house. The place was selected by Mr. Randolph twenty years before his death; and by his direction the head was laid to the East instead of the West, the usual position. It was observed to John that his master had ordered his body to be thus laid, that he might watch Henry Clay. John replied, that he had never heard him say anything of the kind. I suppose the position was preferred by Mr. Randolph because it is the Indian sepulchral posture, his descent from Pocahontas, the Indian princess, being one of the things he much boasted of.

A rude unchiseled mass of white rock, found by Randolph on a distant part of his estate, many years before his death, and used by him, at the door of one of his houses, as a wash-stand, marks the head of the grave. A large mass of brown stone, also selected by Mr. Randolph, and used as a step-stone to mount his horse, marks the foot of his grave. These rocks were procured and kept for the purpose to which they are now appropriated, and particular direction given to John on the subject.

I can never forget my emotions while standing over the unornamented grave of the gifted and eccentric Randolph. The tall, unbroken forest by which I was surrounded, the silence and gloom that reigned undisturbed amidst the deserted place; the thought of the brilliant mind that once animated the remains, then mouldering beneath the sod upon which I was standing, the vanity of earth's promises, and hopes, and distinctions, impressed my heart and mind with a degree of solemnity and interest I was unwilling to dissipate.